



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

THE BORER.

The politicians tell us that "eternal vigilance is the price of our liberties." Analogous to this, we may say that eternal vigilance is the price of your fruit crop.

The fruit grower is surrounded on every side with enemies. The winter sometimes bears down upon his trees suddenly and heavily, catches the sap yet in the extremities of the branches and freezes it so hard as to kill the tree. Mice get hungry in midwinter and gnaw the bark beneath the snow, so that they die during the ensuing summer. Insects of various sorts or kinds are found marauding some parts of the system of his several varieties of trees. The bud, the blossom, the leaf, and the fruit, each have their insect enemies, and to watch and ward off all this host of invaders makes the fruit culturist feel that he must watch or lose his crop, and his trees.

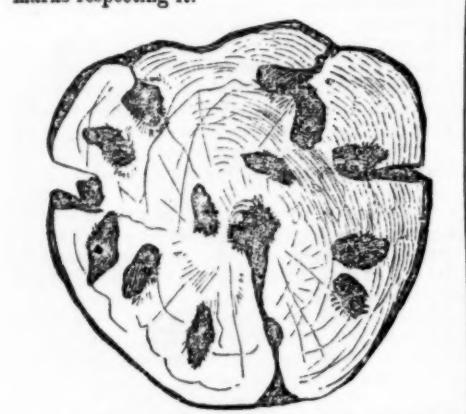
In addition to severe winter and the ravages of mice, both of which have done great damage in many localities, we find that the borer is uncommonly abundant this spring. This is probably owing to the dry seasons that have preceded this.

We here give you a representation of the borer in his worm or grub state, in his perfect or insect state, and also the section of the trunk of a tree in which the borer has been at work. It shows how they do their mischief, and why they kill so many trees if let alone. Now is the time to look for them. We think there must be two kinds of them. One of them is to be found in the trunk of the tree, most generally near the ground.

Here it burrows, eating its way into the soft wood, and often winding its way entirely around the trunk, thus completely girdling it, and cutting off all supply or chances of supply of sap, from the root to the branches.

This kind have an outlet or hole in the tree, through which they throw out the saw-dust which they make in their progress. The other kind of borer is found in the branches of the apple tree. Its general appearance is like the other, but it does not bore into the wood but contents itself with working its way between the bark and wood. It does not always have an outlet for its exertions. Many limbs turn black and die without any apparent cause. On searching, you will often find this kind of borer beneath the bark.

We have, in several of our previous volumes, given a detail of the natural history of the borer, and to these we refer our readers for more particular description of this pest of the apple tree. For the present we shall copy from Vol. 7 of the New England Farmer, the following remarks respecting it.



We heard many complaints last year of the ravages of the apple tree borer. In some cases the injury inflicted was said to be very extensive, and as no remedy appeared to be effectual, the only course seemed to be to let the enemy have its own way. The borer is, indeed, a difficult foe to contend with, as its ravages are committed out of sight. Its eggs are deposited in the bark of the tree, generally, but a short distance from the ground, and there produce a whitish grub, or maggot-shaped progeny, which begins immediately to perforate the tree, pursuing its course along between the bark and the sap wood, or in many cases as to weaken and finally destroy the tree. In a long article on the subject in the Ohio Farmer, we find the following paragraphs:

What is the Borer? The borer is the larva, or grub which is hatched from the egg, of a beetle, belonging to the family of Buprestidae, or, Buprestids. The beetle itself is about half an inch long, with brown and white stripes, and flies at night.

When does it lay its Eggs? In the latter part of May, and the first part of June, it pierces the bark of the tree with its spear, and deposits its eggs under the bark. This it does near the root of the tree, in perhaps the greater number of cases, especially in small trees. Indeed some writers, whose observations seem to have been confined to one or two classes of operations performed by the beetle, state that it deposits its eggs only at the roots of the tree. This is a mistake. We have dug them within the last few weeks, from all parts of the trunk, from the ground to the branches; they seem to have a special liking for those parts of the tree which are decayed. On the south-west side of the tree where the sun has scorched the bark or the wood beneath; also where the bark has been bruised by cattle, or in any other way; also where the tree is naturally weak, and shows signs of early withering and death—wherever any or all these inducements are offered, the beetle seems quite ready to accept the invitation, and make its investment. Let no one imagine, therefore, that his trees are free from the borer, because he finds none about the roots; let him examine all parts of the trunk carefully, and especially the weak, wounded, or decayed parts.

He may find them in any of these portions of the tree.

Various remedies are prescribed for preventing the moth depositing its eggs on the tree, such as strong potash water, soft soap, and strong tobacco water, &c.; but when it is remembered that the bark of trees, like the human skin, has a very important function to perform, we believe that any thick adhesive substance, like white-wash or clay, is always productive of far more harm than good.

As the borer penetrates the tree, he throws out the chips or borings which he has made—these may be seen and his entrance found, when, with a wire fitted for the purpose, he may in most cases, be destroyed. But a careful observer may detect the spot where the egg is deposited, even before a chip has fallen, and it is then an easy matter to destroy the eggs. This watchfulness, after all, must be the chief reliance of the farmer.

GREAT NATIONAL TRIAL OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

We have received a pamphlet from Hon. M. P. Wilder, President of the United States Agricultural Society, containing the announcement and programme of a grand National trial of reapers, mowers, &c., under the auspices and direction of said Society, which is to take place between 6th and 15th of July next, at Syracuse, N. Y.

For this document, and the polite invitation extended us to attend, we give our thanks to Mr. Wilder.

This is the first National trial of reapers and mowers, and we trust that the competition will be full and thorough. The multiplication of inventions of this kind has recently been great. This proves not only that such machinery is successful, but that there is a demand for it. The committee in their pamphlet say—"The object of these trials being to show the working qualities and not the ornamental appearance of the machines, it is desirable and expected that the competing article shall not be of better quality than the average stock on sale at the warehouse, and if the manufacturers desire to exhibit greater excellence of workmanship and adornment in their implements, they are requested, likewise, to enter one of average excellence, with the price of the same."

They also require that each exhibitor should prepare in writing, or print, a condensed and lucid statement of the superiority claimed by him for his implement, over others of the similar nature, which should be given to the chairman of the jury of awards in his class, and he should be prepared to exhibit and explain the several points, if so required.

By so doing, the labor of the jury will be much lightened, and the inventor or manufacturer be enabled to secure complete attention to the important features of his machine or implement.

They also direct that notice of intention to exhibit machines, should be given to the Secretary of the Committee on Implements, H. S. Olcott, West Chester Farm School, Mount Vernon, N. Y., or to the Superintendent, Joseph E. Holmes, Newark, Ohio, on or before June 15th.

If exhibitors delay their application until the week before the exhibition, it may be a matter of impossibility to make arrangements to test in a thorough manner the tardy machines.

The committee also give notice that the fees for entrance are as follows:—

The premiums are to come in the form of medals of different values, and the fee is graduated according to the medal competed for, viz:

For each of the grand gold medals	\$50.00
" Large silver "	25.00
" Bronze "	5.00

The following premium list and also rules and regulations are given.

REAPERS.
First Grand Gold Medal and Diploma.
Second Large Silver Medal.
Third Large Bronze Medal.

MOWERS.
First Grand Gold Medal and Diploma.
Second Large Silver Medal.
Third Large Bronze Medal.

REAPER AND MOWER COMBINED.
First Grand Gold Medal and Diploma.
Second Large Silver Medal.
Third Large Bronze Medal.

AUTOMATON RAKE.
Transferable from one Machine to another.
First Large Silver Medal.
Second Large Bronze Medal.

CLOVER AND GRASS SEED HARVESTERS.
First Silver Medal and Diploma.
Second Silver Medal.
Third Silver Medal.

HAY RAKE.
First Silver Medal and Diploma.
Second Silver Medal.
Third Silver Medal.

TEDDING MACHINE.
First Silver Medal and Diploma.
Second Silver Medal.
Third Silver Medal.

HAY OR COTTON PRESS.
First Silver Medal and Diploma.
Second Silver Medal.
Third Silver Medal.

HAY PITCHING MACHINE.
First Silver Medal.
Second Silver Medal.
Third Silver Medal.

SMALL TOOLS.
Three Grain Cradles Bronze Medal.
Six Hand Rakes " "
Six Hay Forks " "
Six Grass Scythes " "
Six Cradle Scythes " "
Scythe Smiths " "

RULES AND REGULATIONS. The Superintendent and Committee of Arrangements have secured and will arrange suitable grass fields for testing harvesters and mowers, to enable each competing machine to cut at least four acres of grain and three acres of grass, and to measure and prepare an equal quantity for each machine; and also furnish suitable appliances for testing draft and resistance.

Before the lots are drawn by the competitors, the judges will pass around and observe carefully each lot so measured, and note any peculiarity or difference that shall be likely to render one more or less difficult to cut or harvest than another, or than an average of the whole, and shall agree as far as possible among themselves what the true difference is in the time likely to be required to cut it properly, and shall enter it in the books of the judges, to be passed to the

credit of, or deducted from the time of the machine to whose lot it shall fall. The lots then to be drawn. This being accomplished the machines shall first be tried upon one general field; each to be drawn by the same span of horses, driven by a good and impartial driver, or one of the judges, if such person can be found competent and willing to undertake it. To ascertain the true working qualities, draft or resistance, each machine shall be driven 100 rods in the grain or grass with the dynamometer attached, and all other appliances and tests, in the presence of all the judges, who shall carefully collate and record all the facts that can be elicited from the workings of each machine. The machines, after this trial, shall be taken to the numbered lots, as drawn by competitors, each furnishing his own team and help, and at a given signal shall be set in motion; each cutting his piece of ground in such time as he is able, having reference to the quality of the work, and the ability of the team and rakers; the judges separating and observing from point to point all matters of interest, and calling each other's attention to any extraordinary delays or difficulties, or to extra fatigue of teams, or to slovenly work. Where great difference of strength or power in the team, or excessive driving, or extreme side-draft are plainly observable, and where extra speed is evidently attained thereby, they are to give it their proper bearing in their official report and award. But greater accuracy is expected to be attained where the machines are tried each with the same team, driven at the same speed and the draft measured and recorded by the dynamometer.

To ascertain the condition of the grain for binding, the judges shall not only satisfy themselves by actual examination and experiment, as far as may be, but they shall employ two experts, who are not cognizant which lots have been cut by the different machines; they to proceed to bind any quantity on each plot which may be necessary to determine the relative conditions of each, and their opinions shall have full weight in the report for that branch of the trial; and if any exhibitor, judge or officer of the Society shall require it, such expert shall make oath of affirmation that he is in no way informed of the machines by which the different lots or parcels have been cut.

To state the standard of excellence more in detail the judges shall consider the number 40 as the index of perfect work in cutting and harvesting, and 30 as first quality of work by the cradle and scythe, and 20 as standard so low as to disqualify a machine for either purchase or use. Relative grades within these limits above or below 30, shall be considered as a true basis for decision. So, in draft or power; the lightest draft used or consumed in cutting a given quantity of grain shall be represented by 40, and the greatest draft by 20 or 30, as shall be decided, and the relative figures shall be the standard of excellence. The price, weight and perfection of the material and workmanship shall be regulated by placing the cheapest, the lightest, and best at 40, the more expensive, clumsy and the poorest in construction and material, in grades from 20 upwards; so shall the facilities for transporting the machines from one field to another be noted and numbered. The aggregate of these results shall be the basis for reports and awards; the whole to be predicated as far as possible on facts elicited by a fair, patient, and intelligent examination.

From a consideration of the above rules and regulations, exhibitors of all classes of implements can readily see that the decisions of judges at either trial are to be given only after exhausting every precaution against hasty and incomplete examination. It is not necessary to detail the rules for testing all other implements but the above will serve as a fair index.

A number of Discretionary Premiums will be placed at the disposal of the judges, to be awarded to meritorious articles, not included in this schedule.

Chairman—TENCH TILGHMAN, Oxford, Md.
Committee of Arrangements for trials of Implements and Machinery—John D. Lang, Vassalboro', Maine; Henry Wager, Rome, New York; Joseph A. Moore, Louisville, Ky.; G. E. Waring, Jr., American Institute, N. Y.; A. G. Munn, Louisville, Kentucky; H. S. Olcott, Secretary, Westchester Farm School, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the U. S. Ag. Society was held in Albany, on Friday evening, May 29th, of which we have received the following report:—

"Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of Mass., President of the Society assumed the chair. On motion of His Excellency Gov. King, Mr. Olcott of the Implement Committee was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

Hon. Frederick Smyth of New Hampshire, moved that Colonel B. P. Johnson, Secretary of the New York Society, be requested to take a seat at the Board as an Honorary member of the same; and to take part in the deliberations, which was unanimously carried.

The Committee then proceeded to the appointment of the Judges upon Reapers, Mowers, and such other implements as are to be tested at the National Trial at Syracuse, in July.

J. Stanton Gould, Esq., of Hudson, N. Y., was unanimously elected Chairman of the Jury. Messrs. Seth Seamon of Maine; Brooks Shattuck, New Hampshire; Edwin Hammond, Vt.; Sanford Howard, Massachusetts; Stephen H. Smith, Rhode Island; T. S. Gold, Connecticut; B. B. Kirtland, New York; Geo. Hartshorne, New Jersey; John Jones, Delaware; Francis P. Blair, Indiana; Fred'k Watts and J. L. Darlington, Pa.; Gen. J. T. Worthington and Wm. A. Gill, Ohio; Joseph A. Moore and W. L. Underwood, Kentucky; Joseph A. Wright, Indiana; Horace Capron, Illinois; J. C. Holmes, Michigan; Wm. C. Rives, Virginia; H. K. Burgwyn, North Carolina; A. G. Sumner, South Carolina; Richard Peters, Georgia; Lewis Worcester, Wisconsin; and Wm. Duane of Iowa, were, upon motion of Gov. King, appointed as a Board of Judges for the trial at Syracuse.

B. P. Johnson, Esq., moved that Mr. Joseph E. Holmes, the General Superintendent, be added as a member, *ex officio*, of the Board of Judges—which was carried.

The following resolution, upon motion of Gov. King and seconded by Hon. Fred'k Smyth, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be presented to the Executive Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at its meeting at Buffalo in June; and that they be respectfully requested to appoint a Committee, and to invite the members of the Society to attend the proposed trial of Reapers, Mowers, &c., under the auspices of the United States Agricultural Society, at Syracuse in July next.

Judge Gould adverted to the probable attendance of a throng of persons at the trial; and urged the necessity of enforcing stringent regulations for excluding all persons from the harvest fields during the examination by the Judges. He also moved, and it was resolved, that there should be two separate premiums on Hay Presses—one for Stationary and one for Portable Presses.

The Chair called upon Mr. H. S. Olcott, Secretary of the Committee of Arrangements, to state what had already been done towards completing the preliminaries of the trial. Mr. Olcott stated that he had visited various cities and villages of western New York, and had received liberal offers of pecuniary assistance and personal co-operation. Although quite equal to it, so far as suitable territory is concerned, none of the points seemed to present the advantages offered by the vicinity of Syracuse. Its position is central in the great agricultural district, and accessible by railroad to all parts of the United States. Its hotel accommodations are ample and excellent, the fields to be cut are in very close proximity to the city, and the citizens have generously offered to change themselves with any excess of expenses over the receipts from entrances at the trial, should such occur. The superintendent, Mr. Holmes, had visited the farms offered, and reported their entire suitability. That locality had therefore been selected for the trial of the present year, and approved of by the Executive Committee. A large number of machines had already been entered, amongst which were nearly all of importance in the country. Circulars, and pamphlets containing the premium lists, entrance fees, and some of the leading Rules and Regulations, had been issued and widely circulated; the trial had been extensively noticed and universally commended by the Press in all portions of the United States; the local officers, such as Chief and Assistant Marshals, and various Committees, had been appointed at Syracuse and all necessary preliminaries had been completed.

Mr. Hammett Billings, of Boston, had furnished an appropriate design for the grand medals offered by the Society, which was now in the hands of the engraver and electrotypers would be ready to send to the principal papers in the course of a few days.

Col. Johnson stated that he had just returned from Western New York, and was of the opinion that the trial could not be undertaken before the 20th July.

It was then voted that the thanks of the Executive Board be tendered to Col. Johnson for the use of the rooms of the N. Y. State Society; and there being no further business before the meeting, it was adjourned sine die.

It will be seen by reference to the list of Judges, that they are chosen from the most influential gentlemen of each of the States directly interested in the use of the Harvest machines. From the national character of the Society and the preparations already completed for making the trial a thorough one, the result will be anxiously awaited by the Agricultural public.

Gov. King, who is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the United States Society, will endeavor to be present and receive distinguished guests from other States. Agricultural discussions will be held in the city of Syracuse on each evening during the trial.

SIMPLE BUTTER COOLER.
Melted butter is all very well in its right place, but when butter is put upon the tea or breakfast table, having the appearance of being just out of the oven, it is anything but creditable to the housekeeper, and far from satisfactory to those who eat it. Dry toast is positively spoiled if spread with soft butter; indeed, if butter cannot be brought to the table at least firm, if not hard, it is better to keep it away altogether. Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to proceed to such desperate measures, as butter can be kept nice and cool in the hottest weather, and that in a very simple manner. Procure a large, now flower-pot of a sufficient size to cover the butter-plate, and also a saucer large enough for the flower pot to rest in upside down; place a trivet or meat-stand (such as is sent to the oven when a joint is baked) in the saucer, and put on this trivet the plate of butter; now fill the saucer with water, and turn the flower-pot over the butter, so that its bottom edge will be below the water. The hole in the flower-pot must be fitted with a cork; the butter will then be in what we may call an air-tight chamber. Let the whole of the outside of the flower-pot be then thoroughly drenched with water and place it in as cool a spot as you can. If this be done over night, the butter will be as "firm as a rock" at breakfast time; or, if placed there in the morning, the butter will be quite hard for us at tea hour. The reason of this is, that when water evaporates, it produces cold; the porous pot draws up the water which in warm weather quickly evaporates from the sides, and thus cools it, and as no warm air can now get at the butter it becomes firm and cool in the hottest day. [Sextonius Piesse.]

SOAP SUDS FOR CURRANT-BUSHES. A correspondent of the Indiana farmer says—"I have found the cultivation of currants to be very profitable. By care and attention I greatly increased the size of the bushes, and the quality of the fruit. My bushes are now about six or eight feet in height, and are remarkably thrifty. The cause of this large growth I attribute, in a great measure, to the fact that I have been in the habit of pouring soap suds and chamber lye around their roots during the summer season. I am satisfied, from my own experience and that of some of my neighbors, that the treatment will produce a most astonishing effect upon the growth and product of the bushes, and would advise others to give it a trial."

For the Maine Farmer.

DOES FARMING PAY?

Mr. Editor:—I did not think I should trouble you any more upon this subject, but the communications of friends King and Hoag seem to require a short answer from me, as they have, apparently, misrepresented a part of my last communication.

Mr. King represents me as saying that every farmer should have a manufacturing on his farm. But I said, "farming in Maine should be carried on in connection with manufacturing,—that is, in the same vicinity. Then farmers can sell their produce to the manufacturing consumers without sending it to them through the hands of some half dozen speculators and merchants, all of whom must have their profits. And again, farmers have a good market for many perishable articles on which the most profit can be made, because the rich fields of the west cannot compete with us in these on account of distance. I should think any person, with half an eye, could see the benefit of having a farm located in the vicinity of a manufacturing village."

He says, "no one pretends that the business of farming is so lucrative as some other kinds of business." Just so, friend, exactly; and farmers can afford to pay but a small price, comparatively, for help, and their sons and daughters must toil on and lay up only a pittance, or leave their homes for a distant part of the country, where they are surrounded with those influences which ruin, without a parent to guide.

The first, and only argument worth answering, which Mr. King uses, is this. He says, "An examination of facts will prove that, where only one farmer has failed, one hundred merchants have gone over the dam forever." Let us look at the soundness of this statement. The merchant's property is perishable, or, rather, personal, and when he fails to pay or redeem his notes at the appointed day, his creditors become alarmed and seize on such property as they can find, from the fact that the merchant might dispose of it, and they lose their money. How is it with the farmer? He buys on credit, or becomes involved and borrows money, and mortgages his farm which he can neither sell nor dispose of without paying his debts; if he fails to pay punctually, his creditors are not alarmed, because they hold the property for the whole amount of debts. The farmer struggles on, but his debts increase, and he finds there is no chance of paying, and finally sells his farm, the creditors taking their pay first, and he taking what is left. This is the way the farmer fails, and it is generally the only way he can fail. Now, so far as I am acquainted, fifty, or even more, farmers go through this operation, where one, of all other trades, fails.

Again, he says that he sold a great part of his hay and other produce. Well, any one who has a good farm can make money by selling a great part of his hay and produce, if he can keep up the fertility of his farm and buy no manure of any kind,—but this is not generally considered a very good way to farm it.

He says he has engaged in no other business. Well, I suppose that he calls buying a pair of steers for \$16, and selling them for \$76, the same season, farming. By the way, how much did the one make, who raised the steers for \$16? I know of some who call themselves farmers, who are well off by making good trades, but their brother farmers sometimes suffer for it.

Now, a word or two on Mr. Hoag's article.—He asks a great many questions, and he seems to think they are unanswerable. First, he asks, "I should like to know what supports all the world and the rest of mankind?" Does he not know that the wheat and corn from the farms out West support most of the farmers in Maine? Western pork finds its way to the back settlements of Maine, too.

He says a great deal about appealing to the farmers of Maine to prove that farming is a money-making business. Now, what is the use of that, when they are all, or a great part of them, selling, as fast as they can, and going West, or into some other business, because farming is not profitable, in a pecuniary sense?

He repeats what I said, that nearly all the farmers in Maine who have considerable wealth depend upon some other business for making money, and that I thought that farming in Maine should be connected with manufacturing or some such business. Now, here is the way he demolishes these statements. Hear him—"I would ask what the gentleman's occupation in life is? If farming, what manufacturing has he connected with it, to make it pay? Hailing from that borough, may he not be a representative of that would-be-sagacious old fox we read of, who called the council of his kin together, and recommended the removing of their caudal extremity, giving as a reason for it, that it gathered so much filth? Poor, foolish fellow! Yet I would as soon be found in poor Reynard's situation, as a farmer and recommend to my neighboring farmers to connect other business with their farming."

Now, dear reader, is it possible that a man of common sense should mean such stuff for an argument? Cannot anything more substantial be brought against those statements?

He says: "If all are farmers, who will buy our surplus produce? Where shall we find a market for a beaver or porker, if we have one to spare?" That is it, friend Hoag, you are coming round right. Let us have the consumers amongst us, the manufacturers and all, and then we shall not have to compete with the fertile west in a distant market, but we shall have a home market in which our farmers will have the advantage in the staple grains to the full amount of the cost of transportation and profits of the western farmer; and they will have the whole control of the market for the more perishable productions, which now have to be sent so far from most parts of the State, to find a market; that they are not profitable.

The gentleman wants to know what my business is, &c. As he seems to be anxious to find out, I have no objections to letting him know how I have fared in farming.

He advised me to take a trip down to the "for-lorn region." Well, you will see by the place I date from, that I am among you, and I have lived in Maine about thirty years. I ran in debt for most of my farm, worked hard, and lived as economically as I could, for a long while, but

found it hard making money by farming, even enough to pay interest. I left the farm and went to work by the day in a manufacturing establishment; paid my debts, and have come back to the farm, and all I expect is a comfortable living; but I like the business for health, comfort, and the independent way of living it affords.

P. WHITTIER.
Chesterfield, May 25, 1857.

THE OLD GREY THRUSH.

Of all the birds of tawny note,
That warble o'er field and flood,
O give me the thrush with the speckled throat,
The king of the ringing wood;
For he sits upon the topmost twig,
To carol forth his glee,
And none can dance a merrier jig,
Or laugh more loud than he.

So the thrush, the thrush, the old grey thrush,
A merry, blithe old boy is he;
You may hear him on the roadside bush,
Or the topmost twig of the mountain tree.

Ere spring, arrayed in robes of green,
Bids beautiful flowers start,
He cheereth up dull December's scene,
With song from his gushing heart.

But sweeter far are his notes to me,
When, piping to the morn,
He waxes the bright sun o'er the lee,
With a flourish of his horn.

So the thrush, the thrush, the old grey thrush,
A merry, blithe old boy is he;
You may hear him on the roadside bush,
Or the topmost twig of the mountain tree.

To come with the balmy breath of spring,
And chant to the orient-beam,
To hop on his favorite bough and sing
When rich ruby sunsets gleam,
To feed his love in her moss-built nest,
To rear as a singing brood,
And fire with song the poet's breast,
He haunteth the green-roofed wood.

O the thrush, the thrush, the old grey thrush,
A merry, blithe old boy is he;
You may hear him on the roadside bush,
Or the topmost branch of the mountain tree.

FRANKLIN CO. AG. SOCIETY.

IN BOARD OF TRUSTEES,
Farmington Falls, March 21, 1857.

On motion it was voted that the next annual Show and Fair be held at Farmington Centre, on Thursday and Friday, the first and second days of October next.

On motion the Trustees apportioned the money to be offered as premiums, to the several Standing Committees, as follows:

On Stock	\$190.00
On Crops	60.00
On Manufactures	90.00
Total	\$340.00

J. S. CHANDLER, Chairman.
A. B. FARWELL, Rec. Sec'y.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

On Stock.

The committee on stock offer premiums as follows:

For best Durham bull, 3 years old or more, to be kept in this county 9 months from the day of exhibition, \$2; 24, 1.50.

For best bull, mixed breed, 3 years old, conditions as above, 2; 24, 1.75.

For best do, 2 yrs. old, same conditions, 1.50; 24, 1.

For best bull calf, 1; 24, 75c; do, more, to be kept in this county 9 months from the day of exhibition, \$2; 24, 1.50.

For best young heifer, 1; 24, 75c; do, more, with satisfactory evidence of the quantity and quality of her milk, and the manner in which she has been fed, certificates of which must be filed in writing, of the product of her milk, and butter made from the cow during two periods of ten days each. Three months, neither more nor less, shall elapse between the two periods of trial, and the last trial shall be completed before the date of the annual exhibition. Verbal statements cannot be depended upon, and will not be received—2.50; 24, 2.

For best stock cow, with issue by her side to prove, and written certificate of pedigree, 2.50; 24, 2.

For best 3 yrs. old heifer, 1.50; 24, 1.

For best 2 yrs. old heifer, 1.25; 24, 1.

For best young cow, 3 yrs. old or more, with satisfactory evidence of the quantity and quality of her milk, and the manner in which she has been fed, certificates of which must be filed in writing, of the product of her milk, and butter made from the cow during two periods of ten days each. Three months, neither more nor less, shall elapse between the two periods of trial, and the last trial shall be completed before the date of the annual exhibition. Verbal statements cannot be depended upon, and will not be received—2.50; 24, 2.

For best pair of working oxen, not less than 5 years old, regard being had to their size, strength, docility, training and appearance, 4.50; 24, 3.

For best do, 4 yrs. old, 4; 24, 3.

For best pair of oxen, written statement as to how they have been kept for the last year, 4; 24; 3; 24, 2.

For best 3 yrs. old steers, 3; 24, 2.50; 24, 2.

For best 2 yrs. old steers, 2; 24, 1.75; 24, 1.50.

For best 1 yr. old steers, 1.50; 24, 1.25; 24, 1.

For best pair steer calves, 1; 24, 75c.

For best stallion, to be kept in the county 9 months from and after the day of exhibition, written statement of pedigree, 3; 24, 2.

For best breeding mare, with issue by her side, 2; 24, 1.50.

For best pair matched horses for work, 2; 24, 1.

For best 3 years old colt, 1.50; 24, 1.25.

For best 2 years old colt, 1.25; 24, 1.

For best yearling colt, 1; 24, 75c.

For best pair of horses, 1; 24, 1.50; 24, 1.

For best pair of horses, 1; 24, 1.50; 24, 1.

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AUGUST:
THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1857.

THE HARD TIMES AND THE REMEDY.

That the times are hard, or in other words that business of all kinds is dull, money scarce, and provisions high, is no news. The cause of all this is the overdoing of some branches of business a few years ago, and the present land speculations going on at the west.

A country or a nation is always most prosperous when all the departments of industry are carried on carefully and prudently, without undue excitement, and each moving on in what may be called a harmonious equilibrium.

Derange this state of things—make any one branch to lead off beyond what the natural state of trade demands, thereby leading off from other branches, a due share of men and capital—mischievous, and in time a general derangement will be the result.

This derangement of a proper balance of industry among us, is the principal cause of the present depressed state of business. The recent war in Europe broke up the regular course of business in that country. A call for supplies of provisions and other necessities sprung up—neutralizations, of which the United States were the principal, were induced to rush into the business, and freights came up, excitement was produced, and speculation in shipping became the order of the day.

As a consequence, the State of Maine, the great shipyard of the Union, offered inducements to almost all classes of mechanics and some farmers to go into that work. We knew of a pretty thrifty farmer who left his farm and obtained two and a half dollars per day, in the shipyard, for using the axe.

Add to this, the exodus of so many of our enterprising young men, with their several capitals, small perhaps, individually, but large collectively, and to this the rush to Kansas and the Lord knows where, in search of golden fortunes, to be gathered in a day in the gold mines beyond the rocky mountains, or the rise of prairie land from government prices, and we have caused enough to make hard times at home and abroad.

Other causes might be named, such as the reckless demands of fashion which induce so much importation of foreign goods, thus bringing the balance of trade against us, and draining the country of specie which is, or should be, the true basis of our currency; a desire, and a very foolish one, to ignore all the old and slow methods of obtaining property but at their fathers, but by some house pious or legendarian to become suddenly rich. It is strange that we should find in view of such a chain of causes that there should be hard times, and dull times, and premonitory symptoms of commercial revivals?

What is the remedy? There is no other remedy than for people to become sane. To leave off following excitements here and there, and settle down to the old fashioned mode of making property by patient industry, frugal habits, and unwearied perseverance in the several pursuits of life. Restore as fast as possible, by so doing, the equilibrium of business, so that while no one branch shall be overdone, all shall be equally sustained, and each play its due and legitimate part in the social machinery. Until this be done, you cannot expect to see the times any better, or money any easier.

THE STEAMSHIP NIAGARA.

The English press speak in high terms of praise of the steamship Niagara, now taking in the submarine cable to connect this country and Europe. She has created quite a sensation by her arrival in England, and has called forth, among many other notices, the following from the London Times, which we consider as a handsome compliment to Brother Jonathan's skill in shipbuilding—

Half a mile or so below Gravesend, just about where the river tourist might expect to recover from having seen the Great Eastern at Millwall another monster of the deep stands full in view. She is vast as an ark, with a peculiar defiant air, and an expression which tells you at once that she was made for other than the peaceful purposes of commerce, though nothing in the white of her armor, or even in the trim of her yards, denotes the man-of-war. This ship, along whose decks a crowd of fashionable visitors daily and hourly stream, and all around which lie a host of other boats "masters of the situation," and making as much of it as the President himself was on view, is the far-famed frigate Niagara. She is, we believe, the first frigate that has ever sailed out of Gravesend.

Let our readers, therefore, or at least such of them as love to gaze upon noble specimens of naval architecture, avail themselves of the unusual opportunity. Such an one will not soon again present itself, for in size, form, and indeed weight of armament the Niagara is beyond doubt the first man-of-war of her class in the world. As the visitor approaches her lofty side, he is struck with the easy, graceful manner in which she "sits" the water, with her bows well up, slowly rising, and showing off her beautiful lines and clear run to fine advantage.

But beyond this feature, the general effect of her exterior is not very pleasing. The dark, black hull, unrelieved by a single gleam of white, gives a heavy appearance quite foreign to her shape. She is also very hollow in the waist, which imparts that wall-sided aspect so characteristic of the "iron horse," with her fine frigates, except in this instance, have been rigged to avoid, or at least mitigate. She is ship-rigged, with tall and somewhat heavy spars—a novel feature in an American screw, as their hulls have justly prided themselves on avoiding our practice of overmasting our steamers. But, here as the Niagara seems aloft, she has not a rope or spar too much.

On the contrary, it is said that they can do the work ascribed to them, for under all alone she can run, it is said, from 16 to 17 knots an hour! This is speed which even our river steamboats would count as excellent. From the spar-deck the Niagara looks by no means imposing. The hullwork is of such unusual loftiness, and so curved in, as apparently to diminish her real size. In fact, many of our frigates, less than half her size, and not to be compared to her in any walk or sea-going quality, seem larger on the deck. Not till the visitor has walked forward and perched himself somewhere near the bowsprit, can he fully appreciate her immense size and beautiful form, and feel that he is looking down on such a war-steamer as the world has not yet seen the equal of, and by the side of which the English Navy can show nothing to compare.

ROBERT AND ANNE. The ticket office of the Grand Trunk Railway, Falmouth, was broken into on Saturday forenoon, and some \$20 in money and two railroad tickets were stolen. Two men named John P. Tufts, of Somerville, Mass., and Alfred T. Hancock, of Providence, R. I., were arrested in Portland, in the afternoon, and on Monday they were brought before the Municipal Court. They waived an examination, and were held to bail in \$400, they were committed for trial before the next term of the Supreme Court to be held in Portland.

CATTLE SHOW. The necessary information for completing our list of Shows and Fairs in this State, comes in slowly. We have the following to add, this week.

Androsburg, at Lewiston, Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
So. Kennebunk, at Gardiner, Sept. 23, 24, 25.

SERIOUS RIOT AT WASHINGTON.

On Monday last week, on the occasion of the annual city election, a serious riot occurred in the city of Washington.

It seems that a gang of organized rowdies, called the "Plug Uglies," to the number of some 50, arrived in the city from Baltimore, early in the morning, with the intention of defeating the Democratic ticket and keeping citizens from the polls. A part of them were stationed at the 2d ward, and the rest at the 4th ward polls.

Their interference soon caused a row. From fifteen to twenty shots were fired, and one man was shot in the knee. The citizens of the ward then drove the rioters away.

At the 4th ward, the "Plug Uglies" being reinforced by the "Rip-Raps" and "Chunkers," of Washington, a terrible attack was made upon the Anti-Know Nothing voters, with pistols, bowie knives, and stones, and they were driven from the polls. A number of persons were seriously wounded, and the police were driven back.

The Mayor applied to the President for Executive aid to quell the disturbance, and an order was granted for calling out two companies of U. S. Marines, who were marched to the Northern Liberties, where the rioters had conveyed a swivel. The Mayor ordered them to disperse, informing them that the troops were solely to preserve the peace. The rioters disregarding this order, the swivel was wrested from them, during which one Marine was killed. Great alarm prevailed, and frequent shots were exchanged by the rioters and Marines. Five or six persons were killed, and twice that number wounded, most of them being mere spectators. The capture of the cannon put an end to the riot, and the Marines were then marched to the City Hall, where they were kept in readiness for any further outbreak. In the course of the afternoon, an artillery company arrived from Fort Mc Henry, Baltimore, to relieve the Marines.

A despatch, dated on the 2d inst., says:—A large meeting was held here to-night, in front of the City Hall. The speakers were Gen. McClellan, Dr. Clayton, and Councilman Lloyd, all of the American party, who spoke of killing citizens by the Marines, on the day of election, as a cruel, cowardly, and bloody massacre of the innocent; and of the conduct of the Executive authorities as trampling under foot the sacred rights of the citizens, and law and order.

Councilman Lloyd's advice, "to be prepared for the next attack," elicited spontaneous cheers of approval. He invoked them, however, to aid in the preservation of the peace.

A committee of two from each ward was appointed to prepare suitable resolutions, and call another meeting, after the ineffectualness of the previous meeting. The committee have been taken to bring the matter to a judicial investigation.

The Mayor's conduct was severely condemned by the meeting, which separated with cheers and groans. The community is still feverish on the subject of the riot.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

AN AMERICAN MERCHANT IN EUROPE, ASIA AND AUSTRALIA: A series of Letters from Java, Singapore, China, Bengal, and Egypt, the Holy Land, the Crimea, and its Battle Grounds, England, Melbourne, Sydney, &c. By Geo. Francis Train, of Boston. With an introduction by Freeman Hunt, editor of "Merchants' Magazine." New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.; Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. Written in a very interesting style, this volume embodies a large amount of valuable information touching the places mentioned in its title-page. The author left Boston in 1853, and established the prosperous commercial house of Geo. F. Train & Co., at Melbourne. His account of the wonderful growth of Melbourne, consequent upon the gold discoveries in Australia, from the time when he first saw it, without a wharf, even, to its present important position, is a history of events that rarely occur, and the like of which will probably never again be repeated in that or any other portion of the globe. We think this book will find favor with its readers—it certainly deserves more than a passing notice. For sale in this city by Stanwood & Sturges.

HART'S MAGAZINE. The commencement of the 15th volume is before us. Is it a coincidence that this work begins where all the other monthlies end? It would seem so, and in more ways than the beginning or ending of the volume. The June number contains the following handsomely illustrated articles: "Charleston, the Palmetto City;" "Adventures of the Early Settlers of New England;" "Monads;" and the continuation of "Little Dorrit." The usual variety completes the number, which is a decidedly good one.

HOW TO BEHAVE. We have received another of the series of handbooks issued by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, New York. It contains many valuable hints with regard to manners, dress and conversation in society. Send 30 cts., in stamps, and you will receive the work free postage.

FORESTER'S PLAYMATE. A neat and pleasing little monthly for the juveniles. Published by Wm. Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year. The new volume commences with the next number.

DEATH OF HON. FRANCIS T. PIERCE. We were pained to learn the death of this estimable man, after an illness of only a few hours. Mr. Pierpont has been one of the Trustees of the Maine State Ag. Society for the two years past, and is by being associated with him in the discharge of his official duties that we became acquainted with his amiable character, prompt attention to business, and inflexible honesty of purpose and action. He was a warm friend to the cause of agriculture, not only in Maine, but throughout the world, and exerted him in every thing to elevate its prosperity. In his death the State Society has lost a devoted and efficient officer—the community a valuable citizen, and the poor a faithful friend.

MAINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. The annual meeting of this association was held at Lewiston last week. The address before the association was read by Dr. Garcelon. The following is the name of officers for the ensuing year, chosen unanimously:

G. Davis, Portland, President; Wm. Kilburne, Auburn, and J. H. Holmes, Calais, Vice Presidents; J. D. Lincoln, Brunswick, Treasurer; A. H. Barlow, Yarmouth, Secretary; J. C. Weston, Bangor, Cor. Sec'y; H. H. Hill, R. Porter, J. Carr, T. Frye, H. L. K. Wiggin, I. Putnam, S. L. Estabrook, C. Briggs, A. T. Page, Stetson, R. H. Hill, H. Monroe, C. Sewall, J. T. Gilman, Wm. Kilburne, J. C. Bradbury, Censors.

A committee appointed to take into consideration the expediency of establishing a medical journal in the State reported favorably to the project, and the convention voted to establish one in Portland.

ACCIDENT. We learn that Mr. Isaac Frost, of South Bridgton, while removing the remains of a single bolt from a shingle machine, had the two middle fingers of the right hand taken off. Mr. Frost lost his left hand, a few years since, from the same cause.

SALE OF THE HALLOWELL HOUSE. The Hallowell Gazette states that Mr. Benj. Hodges, of that city, purchased the Hallowell House, on the 1st inst., for \$5,000. This is only about one-ninth of its original cost.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Health of Mr. Crawford. The New York Evening Post says that the Arabia brought one week's later news of the sculptor Crawford. His physician says that the two worst symptoms have entirely disappeared, and he concludes that the brain is not diseased, but merely affected by the pressure of the cancer, and therefore has strong hope of a cure. Mr. Crawford remained quite blind, the well eye being affected sympathetically.

No Starvation in Tennessee. The Knoxville Whig says that the tales of want and starvation in Tennessee are greatly exaggerated. There is a scarcity prevailing in some of the upper counties, but no one has yet perished, and the false alarm of starvation is a calumny. The farmers sold out too close last fall, and the early winter and late spring caused a scarcity.

A Hard Alternative. The editor of the Sao (Mo.) Democrat, in view of the fact that the new law of that State, requiring a publication of intention of marriage is strongly distasteful to young folks, advises them not to rush into New Hampshire to get married. He thinks they had better submit to the requirements of the law, or continue their courtship until next winter, when the Legislature may see fit to make it as easy to get married at home as abroad.

Fire at Cleveland. Cleveland, June 4. The paint shop attached to Morrell and Bowers' Car factory, was burned this afternoon, with four passenger cars belonging to the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, and two baggage cars. Total loss \$14,000; insured \$10,200.

A Wholesale Business in Lost Babies. Sunday being a warm and pleasant day, the babies were all out sunning in New York, and nearly 100 of them strayed away from mamma's apron string, and got lost. But all were found and restored to their homes before night by the police and its telegraph, extending from station to station.

Boy Killed by a Horse. In Camden, May 20th, while a horse in a pasture, he received a dangerous kick in the head. Trepanning was performed by Dr. J. H. Estabrook; but after lingering a week, the little fellow was released from his sufferings by death.

Death of Ex-Gov. Hubbard of N. H. Charleston, N. H., June 5. Ex-Gov. Henry Hubbard, of New Hampshire, died very suddenly at his residence in this city, at half-past one o'clock this morning.

Accident. As Amasa T. Pond of Sanguerville, was returning home from the funeral of W. G. Clark, Esq., last week, in a wagon, his horse took fright from some obstacle, reared, and broke the wagon, throwing Mr. Pond on the ground, breaking one of his legs, and otherwise injuring him very severely.

Attempt to Murder. We learn from the Manchester Mirror that a man named Plumer Cate, was shot by his brother-in-law, George W. Turner, in Candia, N. H., on Sunday evening. The parties have harbored bitter hostility towards each other for the past six months, so much that they have kept their guns loaded for the avowed purpose of shooting each other. Cate lies in a critical condition through his physician entertains strong hopes of his recovery. A reward is out for Turner's arrest, but he has fled.

From New Mexico. Advice as to the close of April. Indian depredations in the month of March were greater than for many years past in the same month. On the 8th or 9th of March the Navajo took 3400 sheep from a man named Lucero, but a thousand were afterward recaptured, at a sacrifice of having eight men wounded. Within eight miles of Albuquerque, the Indians robbed and drove off one hundred animals. Capt. Gibbs, who was badly wounded in a fight with the Indians, was out of danger.

New York Quarantine. On Saturday evening, 30th ult., two small buildings, the only remaining structures at the new quarantine grounds at Seagrave's Point, were destroyed by an incendiary fire. An old bridge spanning the creek, on the quarantine property has also been demolished. There is still much excitement in the neighborhood, particularly among the wealthy oystermen.

Steamship Burnt. New Orleans, June 1. The steamship Louisiana was burned in Galveston Bay yesterday morning. Eleven lives are known to be lost. Besides these, 31 others, including Col. Bainbridge, of the army, are missing. Twenty-five persons were picked up by the steamer Galveston.

A SMART OLD MAN. Our old friend Thomas Lancaster, of East Winthrop, must rank among the smart old men of the day. He is now over eighty-four years of age, and although his eyesight is somewhat impaired, his bodily health is good and his mental faculties strong. He recently travelled on foot, nine miles in seven hours. Last fall he travelled on foot 17 miles in about the same ratio of time. It will be seen by his age that he was born at a period when children were brought up on beef and pork, and their frames inured to hard work, and hence the knocks of time are borne with great endurance.

STRAWBERRIES. This delicious fruit has been some time for sale in the Southern markets, but the price has been so much more luxurious than the fruit so to place it beyond the reach of people of common means. We see, however, that during the past week, they have appeared in Baltimore in large quantities, and prices are considerably lower in consequence. They can be bought readily from 18 to 25 cents per quart. For the last two years, strawberries were very scarce, in this vicinity, but we are hoping for a better crop this season.

THE FORTH IN PORTLAND. Preparations are making in Portland for a fitting observance of our national birthday. The City government have appropriated \$2,500 towards the expenses. Among other features of the celebration, is a regatta, to be participated in by four, six and eight oared boats, for prizes to the amount of \$400. There will also be a procession of all the school children, the fire department, &c., &c., the whole to wind up with fireworks in the evening.

STATE CONVENTIONS. The annual conventions of the political parties of this State, for the nomination of candidates for Governor, have been called. The Republicans have called theirs at Norumbega Hall, Bangor, on Thursday, 25th inst., and the Democrats are to hold theirs at Portland, on Tuesday, 30th inst.

DROWNED. The Gardiner Transcript states that a man by the name of Isaac Noble, about 38 years of age, was drowned in the Kennebec, nearly opposite South Gardiner, on Friday night last. He fell out of a boat while fishing, and sank almost immediately. His body was recovered some time since.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. We understand that the Gristmill and Sawmill at Breton's Mills, in Livermore, were destroyed by fire on Sunday night last. These mills were valuable ones and belonged to Messrs. Lee Strickland and Seth Turner. It was a severe loss to the owners as well as to the neighborhood.

BOY FOUND. The body of Joseph Burgess, a Canadian, whose suicide by drowning, some six weeks since, we noticed, was recovered some half a mile below the place where he jumped in, on Tuesday evening of last week.

THE STEAMER CANADIAN. The Quebec Gazette of June 24th says that this vessel will be totally lost, and a private despatch states that she was going to liberate the rocks where she struck.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

By Favor and Gunnison, and the steamer Admiral, we have St John papers of Monday. The New Brunswick has the following notice:—The United States Marshal at St John, has received a despatch from the District Attorney, and execute the law. The President desires you to do your duty, and he will do it.

THE WEATHER. After a very dry spell, which has retarded the growing crops, and parched the grass throughout the country, we were visited on Thursday evening with copious showers, which continued yesterday, much to the gratification of the farmer. This rain will be of great benefit to the country, and cause vegetation to advance rapidly. The Head Quarters of the militia, which continued yesterday, much to the gratification of the farmer. This rain will be of great benefit to the country, and cause vegetation to advance rapidly.

THE MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW BRUNSWICK. The members of the government of New Brunswick have all resigned, and it was expected that the Governor would call upon Mr. Fisher, a leader of the "Liberals" who now form the majority of the Legislature to form a new administration. (Boston Courier.)

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK. B. A. G. Fuller, Esq., has resigned the office of Secretary and Treasurer of this institution, and the Trustees have elected Wm. R. Smith, Esq., to fill the vacancy. The following is a complete list of the officers:

President—William A. Brooks.
Secretary and Treasurer—Wm. R. Smith.
Trustees—Benj. Davis, George Darby, Thomas Lambard, L. B. Hamlen, Eben Fuller, John Dorr, Sylvanus Caldwell, Jr., Benj. Swan, Ed. Jones, and John D. Jones.

THE DEPOSITS. We understand, among generally about eighty thousand dollars, sometimes reaching as high as ninety thousand. All depositors are entitled to the interest on their deposits, and get lost. But all were found and restored to their homes before night by the police and its telegraph, extending from station to station.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT. A most melancholy event transpired on the St. John river, at the Negro Brook Rapid, near the mouth of Allegash river, May 24th, when a small boat, containing two men, was discharged from the employ of Mr. Samuel Brailey, eleven of them got into a bateau and proceeded on Tuesday down to the mouth of the Allegash, where they remained all night, intending to proceed to Fort Kent.

THE GOVERNMENT IS NOT A LITTLE STARTLED AT THE REPORT THAT NEW GRANADA HAS CEDED TO GREAT BRITAIN THE IMPORTANT ISLAND, DEL REY, OF THE BAY OF PANAMA. It is highly valuable as a naval depot and for British commerce. The government will make a point upon this matter with New Granada, as soon as the fact shall be verified.

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WASHINGTON ITEMS.

WASHINGTON, June 1. The Government has no official account of the fugitive slave case. The President has received a despatch from the U. S. Marshal at St John, has received a despatch from the District Attorney, and execute the law. The President desires you to do your duty, and he will do it.

THE COURT MARSHAL CONVENED IN TEXAS, has found Major Giles Porter, in command of Fort Brown, guilty of the charge of misconduct, the prejudice of good order and military discipline, by drunkenness, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service; but, taking into consideration his infirmity of age and forty years of honorable service, the President has, on recommendation of the court martial, mitigated his sentence to a suspension of one year from rank and pay.

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The Muse.

THE FISHERMEN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Hurrah! the seaward breeze
Drops down the bay again!
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!

Leaves to the lubber landmen
The rail and the steed:
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeples,
And the light-house from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their harvest from the land;

Now, brothers, for the leobegs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating specter in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!

Where, like snow, the gannet's feathers
On Broder's rocks are shed,
And the noisy mares are flying,
Like black swans overhead!

Where in the mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempest blows;

Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are heaving,
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,
With the white crown on its crown!
Hurrah! for the Maccanias,
And its mountains bare and brown!

Where the caribou's tall antlers
Over the dwarfed forest stand,
And the footstep of the Maccanias
Has no sound upon the sand.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel dark fin;

The sea's our steel dark fin,
The sea's our steel dark fin,
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the grain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come.

As the demon fed the chamber
Where the fish of Tobit lay,
So ours, from our old dwellings,
Shall lighten away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From the frozen reeds;

Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm be high and wild,
We will wade down the wild winds,
And laugh beneath the cold!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!

Death will find us sooner or later,
On the deck or in the cot,
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—Hurrah!—the west wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
Give way, my lads, give way!

Leave the onward landmen clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
And the breath of heaven shall speed!

The Story Teller.

THE FERRY.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

And after parting beds of simple flowers,
Which stream a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected wondrous bowers,
And in its middle space a sky that never fell.

There is not much known about Cookham Ferry, in Berkshire. "Once upon a time" it was an important place—at least, its inhabitants considered it such; it is not so now, although, between us, the villagers don't think so. Why, bless you, even now it is a place of some importance, and the tenants, as belonging to an ancient royal demesne, are toll free in all markets, and exempt from serving on juries.

What do you think of that? Ay, and Cookham was a market town "once," its tolls are quoted in Domesday book; and, altogether, it is really a remarkable place, with a first-rate pedigree. It is really a pretty little village, although of diminished importance, with a charming old square-towered church, embowered, in the summer time, in nice green foliage, and the silvery Thames flowing past its shores.

"And all around it dived luxuriously
Sloping of verdure through the glossy tide,
Which, as it were in gentle mimicry,
Rippled, delighted up the flowery side,
As if to gladden the ruddy tress it trod,
Which fell profusely from the tree tree stem."

It has its ferry house, too. Why, only ask at Hedor, or Clifton, or Maidenhead, where Cookham Ferry is, and the youngest curly-pated rustic, who can hardly lip, will direct you to it. Maugre its want of importance, Cookham was very well known in these parts; and therefore, when Frank Wilton asked a laughing, blue-eyed, silver, sandy-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, of about fifteen, to direct him to it, she marvelled at his ignorance, and told him she thought "every fool would have known that."

He did not exactly tell her that was the reason he asked her, but he did say, as he pinched her chin, "It is just because, my dear, that I am not a fool that I don't know."

"You don't look like one," exclaimed the girl, examining his features attentively, and seeming, by the expression upon her face, to be satisfied that he was uttering an indisputable fact.

Frank laughed.

"What do you think I look like, eh?" he asked, pinching her chin again.

"Don't do that," she exclaimed, stepping back, her face reddening, and her eyes sparkling. "You are impudent."

She turned to leave him. He laid his hand upon her arm to detain her, but she shook it off.

"Don't be angry," he said.

"You have made me so," she answered; "and why should you ask me not to be?"

"That is rather powerful reasoning, I admit," was his reply, looking at her with surprise and interest; adding, "Can only offer, in extenuation, that your own pretty face impelled me to commit the thoughtless act, and if I have offended you—"

"If, sir, 'To be sure you have,' interposed the girl, still presenting a pouting aspect to him.

"See I have, and I beg your pardon in all sincerity," he exclaimed.

"And will you promise to do so no more?" she asked, looking up into his face earnestly.

"Yes, I do promise; unless you give me permission to do so."

"Oh! I shan't do that, you may be sure."

"Then we are friends again."

She held out her hand frankly to him, her clear blue eyes and small lip lighting up into a smile like a burst of sunshine. He took it, and pressed it, certain, as he gazed on her features, that she had the prettiest face he had within his recollection encountered.

"And don't you really know where Cookham Ferry is?" she asked, laughingly.

"No, indeed I do not; or why ask you?" he replied.

"You are a stranger down here—of course you are, though, or else I should have known your face," she said, peering once more the lineaments of his countenance with an undisturbed air of interest.

"And will you remember it again?" he said, with a smile.

"Oh, yes!" she responded, quickly; "I shall never forget it. It is I—the—the—"

She hesitated, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

"What?" he asked.

She upturned her eyes, and speaking as if she felt that "truth might be blamed, but could never be shamed," she said, "Well, it is the nicest man's face I ever saw."

He laughed heartily, and then cried merrily, "Thank you for the compliment, pretty one."

"Oh, it's no compliment," she returned, quickly; "I only speak what I think, and my judgment may be wrong; but, indeed, I think it handsome than any in our village, and I am sure there is no deceit in it."

Frank felt more interested than ever in the girl.

"What village do you reside in?" he inquired.

"Cookham," she returned; "and, if you really want to go to the ferry, I'll show you where it is."

"I accept your guidance with pleasure. Will you take my arm?" he exclaimed, promptly.

"Me? No!" she returned with a laugh. "Folks would laugh at us if I did. We never walk arm-in-arm in Cookham. Gentle folks do, but humble folks don't."

"I don't care what anybody thinks," he said, a little impatiently.

"Ah! but you are one of the gentle folk," she said, gently, "and you know I am not. This way, sir." And she moved forward.

"Not so fast, pretty one," he said. "You will at least walk by my side, won't you?"

"Oh! yes. I would take your arm with pleasure; I should like to do it; but the Cookham folks would grin so, I should never hear the last of it."

So side by side they walked together towards the ferry. They had not gone far before he said to her—

"May I ask what your name is?"

"Yes, you may," she replied. "And I'll tell you, too, if you will only say, that sometimes, when you have nothing better to think of, and you are quite alone, you'll bring it into your mind, and just whisper it to yourself."

He looked fixedly at her. Her face was as radiant and clear as that of an angel. Her purity and innocence were no less manifest. It was palpable that she had taken a liking to him, and, being free of all guile, knew not how to disguise it. Heart free himself up to this moment, he was not likely to receive such genuine heart homage without being affected by it. Older in experience than he was in years, he detected the source from whence her observations sprang, and felt gratified by them. There was no reason that he should not; for if she was rustic in attire, manner, and speech, she was, nevertheless, cleanly, neatly, and respectfully dressed. She had nearly a woman's stature, and some native gracefulness in her movements, which her rusticity failed to obscure. Then her face was very pretty, and particularly amiable and pleasing in its beauty. She did not think herself a child, nor did she look like one, but she acted as one—at least Frank thought so—but at the same as a very nice one; and when she put that condition to him, as he perceived so innocently, he somehow felt that there required, on his part, no promise, for he was sure to do what she asked of him. He said as much, and rather warmly too. She shook her head gravely.

"You promise too much," she observed. "I don't expect so much. I don't ask for it. I shall never—never see you again; and I shall not forget your name if you tell me it. You will never see me again after I bid you good bye at the ferry, and I should like you—I don't know why—I cannot think why, yet I should like you—just sometimes, when you are quite alone, to say softly to yourself 'Lily,' and think—that your heart may tell you."

"Lily is a pretty name. How can I forget it, so fond as I am, too, of the flower it names?"

Ah! sweet Lily! be sure henceforth I shall treasure you here in my heart as 'Lily of the Valley,' or no other flower or name shall displace it."

"Will you—will you indeed?" she exclaimed. And if she had not turned her head away, Frank might have seen something resembling a tear of gratification in her soft eyes. Well, to be sure! he could not help thinking that this was quick work, for him to have made such an impression so suddenly upon a young and pretty female, and to have it thus acknowledged too. "This is country innocence indeed," he thought, and wondered what was to come of it all. He resolved, however, to follow the adventure.

"What is your surname, Lily?" he inquired.

"I should like to know that. It should be something equally pleasing with Lily."

She smiled country name, and the vicar says it is a pretty one. It is Mayblossom. Lily Mayblossom is the whole of my name. And what is yours, sir?" You know you promised to tell me."

"Lily Mayblossom!" he repeated twice or thrice. And he looked into her face, which, flushed by the new and strange emotions that for the first time in her life were stirred up within her, appeared singularly beautiful. He wondered he had not been struck by it at first; he was now. "It is a sweet name," he continued, "and should accompany such a pretty face. Frank Wilton stands no chance with it."

"Is that your name?" she inquired eagerly.

"Yes," he replied.

"Frank—Frank! I like the name of Frank," she repeated; then turning to him, she said, "It suits your face; and when I think of one I shall be sure to think of the other."

The conversation became more general after this; but still, each was the subject of the other's conversation, and he learned from her that she was the daughter of a widow residing in Cookham. Her mother had married a gentleman much above her in station, she being the daughter of his father's housekeeper. The marriage had caused her husband to quarrel with his family, and to be banished from his father's will, but he had an annuity settled by a relative upon him and his heirs; and on this he lived—

"Delicate health and distress of mind at the separation from his immediate relatives, to whom he was attached, operated upon a frame and constitution not very strong and he sunk into a premature grave some three years after the birth of Lily. He left the annuity to his wife for her life, and at her death it was to descend to her daughter. Being upwards of eighty pounds per annum, they lived comfortably enough; but Mrs. Mayblossom was an uneducated woman, indolent by nature, and rendered pensive and

complaining by the loss of her husband, whom she had fondly loved. She had been remarkably beautiful as a girl, and on the death of her husband was still so handsome as to receive many offers for her hand, but she remained true to his memory and continued single. Lily had been sent to the village school, and had learned there all that the mistress could teach her; her mother had no thought of sending her where she could learn more. Humble in her own birth, she preferred mixing in her own station to seeking a higher circle. She had been so bitterly wounded by the conduct she experienced from her husband's family—who had not a word against her to say but that she was of humble birth—that she had no desire to run the risk of passing such another ordeal. Hence, Lily was what Frank found her to be, although there was a marvellous change in her before they reached the ferry, and he observed it.

Having been so ardently communicative to him he had no hesitation in telling her he was a clerk in the house of a wealthy merchant in London; that his father and mother, who were respectable retired trades people, were living; that he had no brothers or sisters, and was just entering his twenty-first year. The ferry was reached, and the boat by which he was to cross the Thames was actually preparing to start, having two or three passengers in it. Short time was left to them to say good bye to each other.

"I should like to see you again, Lily," he said as he took her hand.

"I shall never come up to London," she sighed.

"But I shall come down to Cookham again," he exclaimed. "I have come down now on some private business for the Governor, and I dare say I shall be here again in a fortnight or three weeks. It will be about this time in the day—Shall I see you?"

"If you come."

"I will!" he said emphatically.

He shook her hand with impressiveness, and his eyes expressed a wish which probably she interpreted, for her pretty young face glowed like a rose-bud; but they only shook hands.

He jumped into the boat and was ferried across the river. He waved his hand several times to her as she stood on the water's edge watching him; at length he disappeared, and she turned to walk homeward.

Changed!—aye, in that short half hour she was changed! Her childhood had all vanished as though it had been a chilling breath upon her fair surface which had been brushed away by some loving hand. Her step was different, her gait had altered; she checked the turn of her expression by remembering the polished language, so it seemed to her which she had used.

She thought of the elegant and accomplished daughter of the squire, and felt that she would like to resemble her in carriage and attire, so that she might appear more pleasing in the eyes of Frank if he ever came to Cookham again.

And did he come?

Aye, but it was three weeks first. However, about the same hour as before he reached the spot where he had first met Lily. He had most faithfully kept his promise to her, for he had repeated her name many, many times when he was alone; and now it would have created a smile in those in the secret if they could have seen how much smarter he was dressed this time than on the occasion of the last visit, and how nervously anxious he felt all the way he walked from where he had set down, as to whether she would, without knowing the day, be on the route that he might see and speak to her.

Yes, she was there, and had been there every day for a fortnight. The same business brought him down three times a week for the ensuing two months. It may be supposed, therefore, that they met with scrupulous regularity, because much better acquainted—had, in fact, acknowledged to each other that there was a case of love at first sight, and when the passionate kiss of love was reciprocated, then the first passionate kiss of love was reciprocated.

Young as Lily was, this momentous event in her life made her feel, act, and think as a woman. Frank observed the change in her with delight; he could hardly reconcile her manner at the commencement of their acquaintance with her present appearance and language, but the change had been wrought; and as he, with pardonable vanity, attributed it in a measure to the influence of some personal merit he possessed, his love for her was increased by it. Their walk to the ferry occupied over a longer time than on the first occasion, and their parting was more fervid. The promise to come again was exacted and given repeatedly, each time before they said farewell. Their meetings and their love were known only to themselves. Neither wrote, nor did either breathe a word to a soul of the other's existence. She treasured Frank in her heart, and would have hated that any one should hear him spoken of or make a comment upon him. It was the same with him. The disclosure must place some day, they knew, but for the present they kept their secret meetings and their passionate love for each other to themselves, and in secret gloated over it.

What a change came to both most unexpectedly. Frank was selected almost at a day's notice to proceed to the West Indies to manage a branch establishment for his employer. The post was most lucrative, and the selection an honorable compliment to his ability and integrity. There was no getting out of it; and urged by friends and by his parents, who saw in it a fine opening for him, he accepted it. It was now Wednesday and he was to sail on the Sunday following; but he had no intention of going without seeing Lily, to be sure!

On Tuesday he went to the old spot, but Lily was not there; he could hardly expect her. Five weeks had passed since their last meeting, and of course he had not, as he never wrote to her, apprized her of his coming. He was, nevertheless, disappointed at not meeting with her. He wandered on the ferry without encountering a trace of her. He went on to Cookham, determined to find out her residence, for to go away from England without bidding her farewell, he would not.

He walked into the small inn and called for a glass of ale. A girl served him; when he paid her he asked her if she knew Miss Mayblossom.

"Ay, sir," she returned.

"Where does she live, my girl?" he inquired.

"Don't know now," said the girl. "She and Lily been gone from here these three weeks."

"Gone!" cried Frank, in a startled tone that made the girl leap and very nearly drop the tray she held in her hand.

"Massy on us!" she cried, "what's the matter?"

"You nearly made me jump out of my skin," he said. "Gone!" repeated Frank; "gone where? Tell me, girl, and don't stare at me like a scared goose."

"Well, come, I like that," replied the girl, somewhat recovered, with a sneering laugh—

"Why, it's you as looks as if you'd lost a shilling!" and found a frown!

"Pray answer my question," roared Frank impatiently; "when did Mrs. Mayblossom and her daughter leave?"

"What is the name of the place? Who did they go with? What have they gone for? Are they coming back? When?"

The girl laughed again, and interrupted him by shaking her head violently.

"I can't tell 'em nothing," she said, "ceptin' that three weeks ago a gentleman come down in a carriage and went away with 'em both. He left a strange woman in charge of the furniture, but next day a railway van come and took it all away, woman an' all."

Of twenty different persons did Frank make inquiries in the village; he even called upon the vicar, but could learn no more than he had obtained from the girl at the inn.

He had no time on his hands to trace her, he was compelled to return to London, complete his preparations, bid his father and mother farewell, and set sail for the West Indies, with the aid and impression upon him that the forbidding of Lily, frequently and strangely expressed, to the effect that one day they should part and never meet again, was in the course of realization.

Frank arrived safely at his destination; his voyage was far from an agreeable one to him, for it afforded him ample opportunity of dwelling upon the loss of Lily, in going each day through the process of repeating every word that had passed between them, and of retracing in his mind all the scenes they had wandered through together, from the spot where they met, to the ferry where they parted. Having a natural taste, as well as an acquired proficiency, in the art of drawing, he had provided himself with a sketch-book in which he had intended to place every object of interest or place worth reproducing, he met with on his voyage; instead of which, however, under the pressure of one train of thought, he filled it with views of every spot in which he had set foot with Lily. Joined together, it would have made a pretty panorama.

Well, he settled down to his work in Jamaica, and he had enough to do to keep him incessantly occupied two-thirds of the twenty-four hours. His situation was one of considerable responsibility, and he was anxious to justify the confidence placed in him. His acuteness, energy, and regular business habits, rendered the enterprise one of very great success, and after he had managed it three years he was allowed to trade on his own account, when all the facilities pertaining to the house he represented were accorded him. Some most extraordinary pieces of good fortune attending certain consignments which his penetration induced him to select as likely to prove lucrative and quick of sale, placed him, in three years only, in possession of a handsome fortune. He was now six-and-twenty, and had been six years from England; he had been taken into the firm he had served so well, as a junior partner. And as the Jamaica business was now well established, he was summoned home, to undertake the department which embraced the selection of goods for the foreign market.

Converting his wealth into bills upon a London bank, and bringing with him some curiosities and some rich presents, he returned to England.

No! For though he had met with some pretty English and French girls, and some exceedingly beautiful Creoles, the thought of paying his addresses to, or marrying one of the other, never crossed him. Many, many times, when alone, he breathed freely the name of Lily, and thought fondly of her too; but the whole incident now had settled into a pleasant dream. And he thought of her only as one he had seen in a vision, during slumber, and should never see again during his waking life. It was natural that, upon setting his foot once more upon his native land, he should vividly remember the circumstances attendant upon his departure from it, and, therefore, it need not be considered a matter of surprise, that before three days were over over his head, he should have paid a visit to Cookham Ferry.

He made some inquiries in the village; but no one knew one jot more about Mrs. Mayblossom and her daughter, than they did when he left, and this is not altogether astonishing, seeing that the village had stood still for years, while every other place around was going ahead.

He could scarcely be said to be disappointed; although he was full of regrets, and seemed to feel a strange sense of loneliness, which he could not shake off. It brought with it a desire to possess even a friend to share those hours with him which were not occupied in business; some one with whom he could communicate freely, and who would sympathize with his tastes and feelings. It was therefore with much pleasure he accepted the invitation of the senior partner of the firm, to visit him at his private residence, as often as could make it convenient. And he availed himself of the invite.

Mr. Margotson, the head of the firm, had a daughter of whom he was passionately fond, and to whom he intended leaving the bulk of his very large fortune; but though he loved her, he had no notion of her having any will of her own, or her doing other than as he precisely willed her, especially in the matter of marriage. She was just turned twenty; lively, interesting in her manner, and really very pretty and attractive. Frank was decidedly struck with her appearance; and as he, prompted by her father, she tried to make herself very agreeable to him, the favorable impression was strengthened, and the visit of one evening each week became multiplied by six.

Helen Margotson seemed to like her new friend much. She smiled and was very vivacious in his presence; played her best pieces, and sang her best songs to him; recited poetry with him, and exhibited her drawings. At two or three balls she danced more with him than any one else, and, certainly, judged said that it would be undoubtedly a match between the young couple. There was some such floating notion in Frank's head, and he did not discourage the idea. His adventure with Lily grew more and more like a dream, and the repetition of the name, still dear and hallowed in his memory, began to merge into another. Miss Margotson had turned her eyes upon him, and very frequently now, called Helen on his lips.

One morning, when down at the place of business of the firm, near the docks, one of the clerks—a young man whose remarkable abilities had brought him prominently forward in the estimation of the firm, and in the position which he now held in the service—passed him abruptly, without making the usual recognition. Frank looked at him, and feeling vexed at this evident slight, he stopped him.

"You can hardly be unaware, sir, I imagine," returned Wyatt, laughingly, "that Mr. Margotson has declined my services for the future; still less, sir, do I presume you will seek to insult me by asking the occasion, with which you can only be too well acquainted."

He bowed stiffly and disappeared, leaving Frank utterly bewildered.

That night it seemed to him that Helen was much changed in her manner towards him; there were signs of bitter weeping in her eyes. She sang to him, spoke to him, as before, but she did not smile upon him as she had done. She was less at her ease; and if they were left alone together, she immediately put on a constrained air. He could not understand it. What did it all mean? He had not spoken a word of love to her; he had not proposed; it could not be that to

was, perhaps, because he had not declared himself. The thought he might be the cause of unhappiness to her vexed him, and he inwardly resolved, the moment he got the opportunity, he would set that matter straight by offering his hand and fortune.

That evening there was no other visitor at Mr. Margotson's, and the old gentleman made excursions to his library which lasted for an hour at a stretch, leaving Helen and Frank together. It was at one of these late-lettes Frank determined to speak out, but as soon as he began to assume a tender air, and moderate his voice into a soft tone, Helen looked instantly half frightened at him, and either began to play a gallop on the piano, or to ask him questions about the wonders of the West Indies, which he answered fully, but with a sort of business-like manner, returning always back to the intention of "speaking out," and, accordingly, as he concluded some description for which he had been called upon, he began, "Helen, I am anxious to say a few words to you, if you will grant me your attention. I say your attention, because they are of importance to me, and I hope—"

Oh! I'll listen to anything you have to say to me, Mr. Wilton, with the utmost pleasure," she interrupted, with forced gaiety; "but not until you have kept your word with me. You know you promised to show me your sketch-book with views in the island of Jamaica, made by yourself, and you have quite forgotten all about it."

"Indeed I have not, Ellen," he said, with a smile, "for I have brought it with me, and here it is."

He walked to a table, returned with a sketch-book, and opened the first page before her.

"Well!" she exclaimed; "this is not like West Indian scenery; it is quite English in character."

"Tut—tut!" ejaculated Frank, with a vexed air; and added, "I have brought the wrong book with me."

"Oh, I know this place well," exclaimed Helen, in a tone of surprise; and continued, "How strange! If I did not see your name actually at the foot of the drawing, I should say it had been done by a friend of mine. There is the same ferry-house, the same river, the same pathway, with the same little canal running by its side, and the very identical group of trees. Mr. Wilton, this certainly must be intended for Cookham Ferry?"

"It is," he replied. "It is not strange, certainly, that your friend should have selected the same place for a sketch, but it is a coincidence that he should have chosen the same point of view."

"It is a lady friend," replied Helen; adding, with emphasis, "Such a pretty girl, Mr. Wilton; so fair, so gentle, so amiable. I should so like you to see her; I am sure you would fall in love with her."

"Would you wish that, Helen?" he asked, gravely.

She reddened her cheeks, and said, very emphatically, "Indeed—indeed I should, Mr. Wilton, for she is as good as she is beautiful."

There was a silence for a few moments. Frank thought it would be better to defer his declaration for a time, until at last, he had satisfied some misgivings. Miss Margotson broke out in another exclamation, as she turned over the leaf, and gazed upon a drawing of the spot where Frank first met Lily Mayblossom.

"I have seen this very place also in my friend's portfolio, so elaborately drawn, and so carefully finished," she said. "It was better done than yours, Mr. Wilton—that is, it exhibited such pains-taking. My friend sets the greatest possible store by it."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Frank, without paying much attention to what she said, for he was disturbed at the earnest manner in which she desired he would fall in love with another person.

He shortly afterwards bade her good night; and, before he went to bed, he wrote a letter to her, offering his hand, which he determined to dispatch by post in the morning, on his way to business, but was prevented by Mr. Margotson, who called upon him in the morning and told him to wait in his carriage. During the day a business transaction with a Liverpool shipping house of a highly important character, took him down to that city, and he was detained there on his business for ten days.

He had opened the letter and re-read it while at his hotel; and he burnt it, for he did not like it; so he resolved to wait until he returned to London again, and contented himself with dropping a hint to her father instead, with very promptly responded by saying that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to have him for a son-in-law.

On the night after he returned to London, he paid a visit to Mr. Margotson's private residence, at Upper Clapton, and was received by Miss Margotson alone.

"Now," thought he, "for the offer."

Helen received him gravely—she looked pale and sad, so much so that he inquired whether she had not been ill.

"Mostly," she exclaimed.

"Would that I could relieve you from the pain," he said.

"You can," she replied.

"Teach me how," he responded quickly, "and assured I will do it."

She paused for a moment, as though to gather courage, and then said, looking at him with earnest eyes.

"Mr. Wilton, have you ever loved?"

The question startled him—at first his impulse was to lift her hand to his lips and press it with them, but there rose up the figure of Lily, and it stood before him in the glory of that love, which he had almost worshipped when last he gazed upon her. He breathed a deep sigh, and said softly, "I have, Miss Margotson, but—"

"Say, do not weaken the noble spirit of truth which prompted that answer, but tell me, Mr. Wilton, what would have been your feelings when loving that being with all the depth of a man's strong love, and knowing that her deepest devotion was your own—what would you have felt if her